

OSCAR WILDE.

The Apostle of the Friar Absorbs the Scenery up the Mississippi and Thinks it Fine.

Mr. Wilde, the æsthetic, arrived at the Julien House last evening at 6 o'clock. He was received by Mr. Kitson, and in a carriage was taken to his hotel. He used up the time from that hour until nearly eight o'clock arranging his toilet. His appearance was somewhat disarranged, as he had ridden on the rear end of the train from Sabula to this city, a distance of 38 miles, and only for his make up one would have taken him for one of the brakemen. The scenery along the Mississippi between this city and Sabula is something that the most fastidious could easily enjoy, and when it is brought to the gaze of a man like Mr. Wilde, it can scarcely be imagined how superb the whole must have been. At 8:20 Mr. Wilde's agent, Mr. Vale, came upon the stage and requested the audience to come together and seat themselves in the parquette. But few, however, complied with the request, the audience remaining considerably scattered. Mr. Wilde presented himself before his rather small assembly at 8:30. He wore a black velvet coat falling to his hips; knee breeches, with dark silk hose; low slippers tied with a black silk ribbon in a bow; white silk gloves, red necktie, and a red handkerchief in his left breast pocket. This audience sat as quiet as though they were at the funeral of a friend. Mr. Wilde went on to describe the beauties of scenery, also drawing to the minds of his audience the many beauties in colors. It is a pretty hard matter to say how well the audience were pleased, but from their manifestations, we should say it was with silent contempt. The following is the idea he has of the Mississippi river: "I think no well-

the Mississippi river: "I think no well-behaved river would overflow as it has done, though I am quite ready to admit its beauty. I noticed a want of pure water in each city along its banks, caused evidently by the overflow. The streets are also in a dreadful condition in nearly all these cities, and this fact seems to indicate to me a serious want of provision against these extraordinary catastrophes. It is quite impossible to have any art unless you have good air, good water and clean cities."

The audience, although thin in the beginning, became æsthetically more so before Oscar had finished his monotonous lecture on "rei-na-sans."